

scram by cupidintern

Series: [also on tumblr! \[21\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Background Harringrove, Bullying, Gen, M/M, Period-Typical Homophobia, Soft Billy Hargrove, hes nice for once, i hate that i said 'baby gay' but i mean weve all been there, this is one of those ones where will has a baby gay moment when he finds out older gay people exist

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

Billy reluctantly helps Will hide from bullies- a character snapshot of sorts.

scram

Will gasped when he ran into a person rather than just more empty air, rounding the corner behind the library. He was so out of breath, though, the gasp was more of a wheezy backwards cough. He doesn't even know *why* he ran around the back of the library. He knew full well it would be a flat expanse of wall where he would be very visible to the kids that had decided today was their day to call him a queer.

His surprise doubled when he looked up and realized he'd just physically *bumped* into Billy Hargrove, who, up until that point, he'd only known as Max's asshole older brother, who was less of an asshole lately, but still probably someone to be avoided at all costs.

Ah holy shit holy shit Billy's here and he already doesn't like you this is so much worse-

Billy didn't look, like, wrathful or anything though, he just looked annoyed.

"Sorry," Will got out, trying to force his feet to start walking again and force his eyes to stop staring at how the light caught Billy's earring.

That's so cool that he has an earring wish I could wear something like that something shiny-

"Watch it, kid." Billy mumbled, turning back to the unlit cigarette and lighter in his hands.

"Where'd you go, zombie boy?" A kid's voice yelled from a little ways off. Both Will and Billy look over as the sound of the words.

Shit, shit I am so dead they're gonna find me-

"Hiding like the *fairy* you are, huh?"

And it stung, it always did, but Will was wasting time, he had to pick up running again, but even if he ran he was in plain view back here.

Or he could think of somewhere to hide- maybe one of the bushes? No breaks in the wall, just a couple feet of shade- but Billy was right here and he doubted Billy would help at all if he didn't just turn Will over-

Billy frowned. It was subtle, but it was there.

Will could hear footsteps getting closer. He moved to walk around Billy and start running again, but without warning, Billy grabbed his shoulder, and shoved him behind one of the low bushes that dotted the back of the library.

Will yelped a little, barely catching himself from falling flat in the dirt. Billy shushed him, but didn't look down from where he was standing, still leaning casually against the wall.

A million new thoughts raced through Will's head, crouched behind shady foliage as he heard footsteps getting ever closer.

Why did he help me he's supposed to be an asshole wouldn't he just turn me over why does he want to help-

Will watches through the leaves as two sets of kids shoes appear from around the corner of the library where he'd just come, then slow to a stop. Billy's beat-up boots, one crossed over the other, stayed stationary in the foreground.

"Can I help you," Will hears Billy say in that same annoyed voice. He hears Billy's lighter flick a couple times

"We uh," One of the two pairs of shoes says. "Did you see a kid come this way?"

"No?" Billy says, like its the most obvious and stupid thing in the world and these kids are bothering him just by breathing, and in seconds the two smaller sets of shoes have retreated back around the corner.

Will looks up.

Billy's cigarette is lit by now, smoke curling up into the sunlight, only visible in the millisecond of shade over their heads. Billy's looking

down the way, making sure the kids have both left, before looking back over his shoulder and down at Will.

Will grips the straps of his backpack a little too tight.

Billy tilts his head away a little like “*Well? Get up.*”

Will stands up, kind of too fast, he feels a little light headed. Maybe that's just his pulse returning to normal.

Billy's not looking at him, he's just fiddling with his lighter a little so Will tries to get out a

“Thank you-”

“Scram.” Billy doesn't even look up.

Will, having had enough excitement for one lunch period, scrams.

He walks a little speedier than he usually would, makes sure to look as not-here as possible, which he's good at, but just as he's getting to the opposite edge of the library wall, he stops to take a look over his shoulder.

Steve has appeared. Steve, who Will knows, and knows is sort of friends with Billy or something, knows they hangout according to Max. And why would the Party's beloved Steve Harrington hangout with a douchebag like Billy Hargrove but,

As Steve walks up to where Billy's still leaning against the wall, he has this small smile on his face.

He says something to Billy that makes Billy look up, then roll his eyes.

What are they talking about?

Steve laughs. The sound carries down the half-corridor of the back library wall.

Why did Billy help me?

Will lingers for a moment longer. He feels kinda creepy about it, but he likes the look Steve's wearing on his face, likes how Billy leans up to kick Steve's shin a little, which makes Steve laugh more, hopping back.

Then Will walks back out from behind the library- he should try and find his friends again before he gets in another situation he can't get out of himself.